

The Old Commonwealth.

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THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

The old year's loveliest daughter
Sweet Summer, is dying now,
A garland of withered roses
Encircling her pale brow.
Her reign as a queen is over,
But she lies in royal state,
While the proud successor Autumn,
Is nearing the palace gate.
Where are the beautiful gardens,
Laid to rest with fragrant flowers,
To deck the fair young summer
And her handmaids the rosy hours?
Alas! they are pale and withered,
With the yellow grass overgrown,
They would not live to witness
Queen Autumn on Summer's throne.
Here are the blooming orchards,
Laid rich with their golden fruit;
Hushed is the insects' humming;
The voice of the fountain muted,
Will be as the days grow shorter,
And the Frost King chains his own,
While through the leafless forests
His courtiers, the wild winds moan.
Autumn is fair and stately,
And queen of the harvest time,
And the soft breeze bids her welcome
In volumes of unguessed rhyme,
But we mourn for the lost Summer—
The Summer so young and fair,
And we search 'mid the hills and valleys,
For we miss her ever where.
Ah! Autumn, ye proud new-comer;
Fair is your brow to-day,
But your reign will be brief—your beauty,
Like Summer, will fade away.
They who dance at your coming
Will smile o'er your early birth,
As they crown that grey-beard Winter,
The last king of the year.

JOHN AND I.

"Come, John," said I, cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."
My visitor rose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down upon me.
"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he replied.
Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a-half; having, in country phrase, taken to 'sitting up' with me so literally that I was frequently at my wit's end to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop rushing after it.
He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age—which was the rather boyish period of twenty-two—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior; and when, instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his duplicitous cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorsefully seized an English prayer-book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago; and I added, encouragingly, "Besides, John, you are a child, and don't know your own mind."
"If a man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind," remonstrated my lover, "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen, as Jacob did for Rachel."
"You forget," I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, "that a woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feelings toward you are more those of a mother than a wife." The boy's eyes flashed indignantly, and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me, infant fashion, to the sofa at the other end of the room.
"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!" he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis.
"This was rather like the courtship of William of Northandy, and matters promised to be quite exciting."
"Don't do that again," said I, with dignity, when I had recovered my breath.
"Will you marry me?" asked John, somewhat threateningly.
"Not just at present," I replied.
"The great, handsome fellow," I thought as he paced the floor restlessly, "why couldn't he fall in love with some girl of fifteen, instead of setting his affections on an old maid like me? I don't want the boy on my hands, and I won't have him."
"As to your being twenty-six," pursued John, in answer to my thoughts, "you say it's down in the family Bible, and I suppose it must be so; but no one would believe it; and I don't care if you are forty. You look like a girl of sixteen, and you are the only woman I shall ever love."
Oh, John, John! at least five millions of men have said that same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless when you fairly break down and cry, I relent—for I am disgracedly soft-hearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take yours. For love is a very dog in the manger, John looked radiant at this concession. It was a comfort to know that if he could not gather the dower himself, no one else would.
A sort of family shipwreck had wafted John to my threshold. Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself comparatively young in years, with a half-invalid father, a large house, and very little money. What more natural than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford and his son and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother in a foreign land—one of those sudden, unexpected deaths that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay worldling who has been called hence in another state of being.
Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer;

and he had such a general air of knowing everything worth knowing (without the least pedantry, however), that I was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient with his sister—which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. Such a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's affairs with equal indiscrimination, and treating the hearer as though he were an incapable infant.
They staid with us three years, and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have set their hearts upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go. Everything, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of a wife.
A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.
"I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He had set his heart so fully upon you, and you are everything that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure that you would just fill the vacant niche."
I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like hating John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I decided that I had rather keep boarders.
Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon now in her bonnet, and gave us minute details of all that had been done and talked of about the house in the last twenty-four hours.
"It is really magnificent," said she, "lengthening out each syllable. 'Brother has such perfect taste; and he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look upon you quite as one of the family.'"
"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it."
Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.
"Young ladies always deny these things, of course, but John tells a different story."
I rattled the cups and saucers angrily, and my thoughts flowed off not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it, after all, my duty to marry the family generally?
The house was finished and moved into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was really too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling that, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gallows, I would have prepared myself for hanging with a sort of cheerful alacrity.
I looked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally gotten rid of him, with these feelings in full force; and I meditated while undressing on some desperate move that should bring matters to a crisis.
But the boy had become roused at last. He too had reflected in the watches of the night, and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better. I felt inexpressibly relieved. It appeared to me the most sensible move that John had made in the whole course of our acquaintance, and I began to breathe with more freedom.
Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six without John's return. He wrote to me but his letters became somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Carrington.
"Mr. Cranford," was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.
He looked very grave, and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness.
"John is well?" I gasped finally.
"Quite well," was the reply, in such kind tones that I felt sure there was something wrong.
What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.
"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so Mr. Cranford! Tell him that I had rather remain Edna Carrington, as he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford."
"And he made you promise this?" was the reply. "The selfish fellow! But, Edna, what am I to do without the little girl you have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."
I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming around—everything was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to the sofa.
"Shall it be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."
"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely, and was in another sphere of existence.
If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentleman. I tried to make it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I had never

professed to love him, though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shaking threatened on a previous occasion, and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I felt really sorry for him.
To my great surprise, John laughed. "Well, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. "And I'm not a villain, after all. What do you think of her, Edna?"
He produced an ivory type in a rich velvet case—a pretty, little, blue-eyed simoleon; she looked like seventeen.
"Rose," he continued—"Rose Darling; the name suits her, doesn't it? She was staying at my uncle's in Maryland—that's where I've been visiting; you know—and she's such a dear little confiding thing that a fellow couldn't fall falling in love with her. And she thinks no end of me, you see—says she's quite afraid of me, and all that."
John knew that I wasn't a bit afraid of him; but I felt an elder sister sort of interest in his happiness, and had never liked him so well as at that moment. And this was the dreadful news that his father had come to break to me, when his narrative was nipped in the bud by my revelations, and the interview ended in a far more satisfactory manner than either of us had anticipated.
So I kept my promise to John, after all, and as Miss Rose kept her, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.
A STORY OF DIVORCE.
It may not be generally known, yet it is probably true, that the novel of East Lynne, although written in England, had the groundwork of its story in a singular marriage which took place in Cincinnati, the notice and the attending circumstances at the time being copied by almost every paper in the country. The matter was about as follows:
"A Mr. J. M., a clerk in a down-town house, fell in love with a young lady, whose father was a well-to-do Second street merchant and after a proper season of attention the couple were married.
Both soon found out that they were not happily mated, and after a marriage of several years, during which time they had three children, two boys and a girl, they mutually agreed to the husband applying for a bill of divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper. The divorce was granted, and the wife went home to her father, who had, through endorsing, lost his business and all his property. The daughter's and his own misfortunes weighed so heavily upon the father's mind, that during a moment of mental alienation he took his own life, leaving his daughter penniless, to rough it with the cold charity of the world as best she could.
The woman, a brave little creature, tried every way she knew how to gain an honest livelihood; in fact, working so hard giving music lessons and doing embroidery for her old schoolmates that her health gave way, and having no money to pay her board, must beg, starve or go to the poor-house. To turn to the other side of the picture: The husband, after a few short months' release from the marital bonds, again married, and at the time had not only the three children by the first wife, but also an addition thereto, a little two-year-old girl by the second wife.
The latter being ill, the husband advertised for a nurse and housekeeper, which notice reached the eyes of the first wife, and she, in her trouble, went to the former partner of her heart, told him of her sad condition, and applied for the position in his household. The husband knew not what to say, but, after giving her ample funds and doing all immediate wants, asked her to call again at his office on the following morning, promising to consult his wife about the matter in the meantime.
Promptly as per agreement wife No. 1 was on time, as was the husband, and from there they went to the residence, where the two wives had their first conversation, ending in their agreement for the first wife to come and accept the vacant place, which she did, seemingly delighted at having a peaceful home over her head, notwithstanding the very strange circumstances under which such a shelter was given. No necessity demanded that the entire past should be obliterated, and the new housekeeper treated as any other help; that she must care for the children—her own offsprings—and the other child the same as any hired nurse would do; that she must eat at the second table to care for her charges.
All these things and even more humbly did the poor woman show, never a sigh, word or look exhibiting the least evidence of discontent. What, however, must have been the true feelings of her heart when seeing another thing the place that she had once tried, as she thought, so hard to fill. The above is from the files of an old Cincinnati paper; but the sequel, as told by one conversant with the whole facts, is stranger than what has been already narrated. When the cholera was raging in that city in 1865, the second wife was taken very ill with it, and being informed by the physician that she could live but a few hours at the most, as she was then in a collapsed condition, she asked that all go out of the room excepting her husband and the housekeeper, who she told how much she dreaded leaving her child among strangers, and as a dying wife entreated them both to marry again. The proposition was a strange one, but both promised, and a few months afterwards, when the second wife had been dead a sufficient length of time not to cause remarks, the two were again married, brought together after a cruel separation of so many years, and we believe are now living happily together in a cosy West End house.

Love-Feasts of the Dunkers.
The Dunkers are bringing their love-feasts of the season to a close. This religious denomination has a large following in a number of counties in this State, among them Dauphin, Lebanon and Lancaster. The ceremonies of the Dunkers are very interesting. Any person desirous of participating in the ceremonies of the feet-washing and the Lord's Supper is welcomed, but when it comes to the sacrament the Dunkers are close communicants, and permit none but the members of the church to taste the wine. Previously to the supper comes the ceremony of feet-washing, which, it should be remembered, does not differ materially from that practised by the Winebibbers. It is not an empty form, such as might be expected by one who never witnessed it, but a feet-washing in fact, in which all members present take part, and such other persons as choose may participate. The vessels used for the purpose are common washtubs, which contain a sufficient quantity of water for the purpose. The manner of performing the ceremony is simple enough. Brother Jones starts out with a tub and towel and, going to brother Brown, the latter's feet are both immersed and washed by brother Jones, who puts his hands into the water and rubs the feet a few times and then wipes them thoroughly dry with a towel. He then proceeds in a similar manner to two or three others, when another brother takes the tub and goes on with the process, by which plan all participate, one relieving the other, the water being thrown out and renewed frequently.
The sexes perform this duty as well as that of giving and receiving the kiss of brotherly love separately. The brothers wash feet only for the brothers, the sisters performing the same service only for those of their own sex. During the performance of the ceremony the teachers discourse on the origin and significance of the ceremony. After the feet-washing has been concluded all partake of the supper prepared for the occasion, each one receiving a share of the bread and meat and a dish of soup. After all are satisfied the sacrament is offered, with fermented wine.—Penn. Exchange.
Value of Weeds to Water.
A late number of the London Agriculturist has a communication from the famous farmer, Mr. J. J. Mechi, wherein that gentleman takes the ground that weeds are water purifiers, and relates of a stream of twenty-five gallons per acre of pure water from a drain sunk into his pond, which he cut twelve feet deep thirty years ago; that weeds grow and thrive in the ponds, and he has annually to rake out large quantities of them. They look, he remarks, very beautiful as they grow in the pondweed water, which is used for household purposes. A visitor said to him one day that if his pond had a pair of swans in it, it would be free of weeds, so a friend presented him with a pair, and very soon they cleared the pond, pulling the weeds up by the roots and feeding on them. Mr. Mechi's family, he says, were greatly delighted with the graceful swans, and the removal of the weeds obstructions to boating, but although the pond was free of weeds, the water was no longer pure and pellucid, but decidedly muddy in taste, and when the steam issued from the kettle, the smell of mud was unmistakable. No one appeared to think it could be the swans, but at last he came to the conclusion and despite family and other remonstrances returned them to their original owner. After a short period the weeds reappeared, and as they increased in bulk the water gradually reassumed its clearness and purity, and "Richard was himself again." What the weeds do for the water and its occupants the land vegetation does for the air; men, animals, and other living creatures poison it, while vegetation absorbs the injurious gases, and reconstructs them into wholesome food for man and beast, filling the atmosphere with that precious hydrogen without which men and animals and other living creatures could no longer exist. So it is in the vast ocean, whose living occupants and vegetation probably exceed in quantity that which is on land. We owe to the river vegetation much of the purity of the water. It is the excess of impurities from our towns which are beyond its power of appropriation.
John Van Buren—"the Prince"—son of Martin, in his early days, never a habit not approved of by his father. On one occasion, while his father was President, John visited Washington and stopped at Willard's Hotel. One morning the President called at his room, and, after a kindly greeting, said to him, "John, I have hoped you would sometime prove to be a worthy representative of our family, but I fear you never will, in fact, I am convinced that you will bring disgrace rather than reflect credit upon it." "Father," said John, "you may think because you happened to be President of the United States, that you are something more than an ordinary man, but permit me to say that you will never be known in history except as the Father of John Van Buren."
FRIGHTENED INTO HER SENSES.—About twenty-five years ago Miss Rachel Hartsberger, of Allegheny county, fell into a melancholy state and took to her room, never leaving it, and becoming almost a perfect idiot in mind. About six months ago a relative determined to try a new remedy, and gave her a serious fright. From that time she commenced leaving her room and engaging in the duties of the members of the family and is now almost completely restored.—Stanton Indicator.

For the Commonwealth.
IMPROVEMENT.
"It is best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new."
Is a proverb that often is quoted, but I don't believe it. Do you? Girls you had best heed my counsel, And let you be left in the cold, It is best to be on with the new love, Before you are off with the old.
"It is best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," 'Twas a crusty old bachelor wrote that, And it quite neither says nor you. Life is short, so let it be merry, Ere it pass like a tale that is told, And we'll crowd it full of our loves, And never get rid of the old.
BALTIMORE, Oct. 30th, 1875.
For the Old Commonwealth.
"Music of Life."
Music, in all ages of the world, has been a favorite theme with the Poet. He tells us of the song of the "morning stars," when they broke forth in a joyous strain celebrating the advent of the new made world; the music of the spheres, as time after time they traverse their appointed circles; and that of growing things, as year after year they spring up to gladden and make joyous and beautiful our world, and in doing so they accomplish the mission given them by the great Master Workman.
But this is known to the imagination alone. The addressed to the soul rather than the ear; they are strains coming from the greatest of all great empires—that of science.
Music was Heaven born. 'Twas designed by the Creator to celebrate His praise; as the Seraphims sweep the chords of their golden lyres, strains deep and glorious, well adapted to praise the Creator, reverberate through the boundless spaces of Eternity. But when man fell, music fell with him; as he mourned his lost confidence and happiness, so he lamented its lost stations and joyousness, and even since its sweetness is shaded with sighs like the wail of an exiled one for his fatherland, lost to his visions, but fondly treasured in his breast. It lends its charms to make life happy, to cheer the weary, desponding mortal in his onward course toward the "nameless yonder." Every day adds a line to the great "Psalm of Life"—perfect in its kind. Sometimes the notes run along in little trills, quavers and semitones, until the measure is full and the melody harmonious; or they dance in wavy lines of beauty and laugh at their own merry jig. Though life seems as a happy dreamland, if the door of memory's art gallery is opened at all, and the pictures of life's "long ago" are studied, "tis only that it may be learned how to live in the present. The imagination builds airy castles of joy, towering far above reality's grim walls on the plains of the seemingly bright future, and 'tis forgotten that
Everything seems joyous, and the soul is turned to nature's own melody.
The song of the sparrow awakes recollections of happy childhood, when hearts were light and cares unknown; the rose tree, full of buds and blossoms, is a token of the promise that, although it may fade and appear to have lost its place among the living, it will bloom again in renewed beauty; the sunshine playing upon the merry waters, and glistening upon every leaf, both brightens the heart and awakens hope, and brings from memory's charnel house a thousand thoughts of what has been and what is to be.
A pause ensues, and then wild discord arises and shrieks and the pain and anguish of an over-burdened spirit. The heart strings have been touched by a rude hand, and instead of a low melodious harmony breathing forth "peace on earth and good will to man," through the trills and quavers, and through the merry jingling and through the notes of woe, there seems a sad, sobbing wail caught and transmitted by Echo, when "Death and all our woe" entered. Eden disguised in Heaven's liveliness. That wail, though at first uttered by but one heart, for an error committed and past recall, was the death knell to unalloyed happiness, and has found its echo in every heart that lived to know its meaning since the beginning of time; nothing can ward it off, it has been, and it still must be, a part in the life of every one—always telling of some secret wound.
When time is emerged into Eternity, when this earth, by the same silent command that causes it to roll into space, shall be caused to cease traversing its orbits; when the sun shall forget his appointed time, and withdraw his life-giving rays, then will the Psalm of Life be completed; then will the strains be taken up and sung by angel voices. What a strange commingling of terms there will be: a history of prayers, joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, smiles and tears, longings, woes, and death despair. Sunshine and shadow will be strongly interspersed upon each page—all aid in making up the scenery on the stage of life. In our daily ministrations to loved ones, and in our charities to those whom duty bids us seek, we sweep with swift hand and unerring fingers harmonic chords that make smooth the strain in strains of sweetest melody. As numberless tiny waves start from the spot where a pebble is dropped upon a smooth surface of a sparkling stream, and go rippling from their center to the utmost verge, so kind words falling upon the heart strings awaken all their latent melody, that send sweet low tones from Earth to Heaven. All unconsciously we strike the "living lyre," whose thousand strings centre in each human breast, and send forth breathings that wake to ecstasy our dreamy earth-clogged souls. "Heard melodies are sweet, but unheard are sweeter." You who have passed life's meridian and have watched spring ros-

es flush and pale, can you not run back through the vista of years to where the flush-tide of memory sets in, do you not hear the flash of waves beating upon the shores of time and hear the rush of many waters? Are not many faces smiling and light feet keeping time in the great future of life—youth?
Hearts throb in eager pulsations, hands clasp hands and eyes flashes back to the distance; it touches the heart that sends forth thrilling vibrations to gladden whatever it reaches, like a sweet perfume wafted upon the vesper breezes, as in passing amid floral bowers we pause to admire the choicest and loveliest, and look at the less pretentious, thinking they are necessary to complete the whole; so in renewing past joys and pleasures we linger upon the happiest scenes and pass rapidly over the shadows in the future. We draw good lessons from them all, the less beautiful act their part, and like the poet's stars shine in their own sphere, while they live denying light to none. Life is as beautiful, as earnest, and mysterious in this as it ever was, under the sunny skies of Italy, or the fabled classic Greece. When all have learned to live in the present age, to cease the constant listening for the gradually receding but soft, low music of the past cease following the siren voices that turn them too rapidly into the future, then will those tones be heard. They will be imperishable strains lingering ever after those who first listened to the enchanted notes shall have been wafted upon the waves of the great river of life to the shore beyond and have been welcomed with the songs of legions of bright angels. What harps can hymn the love of the One who came to earth wrapped in mortal clay to save man from his utter fall? As life's approaching foot-steps hearts that bleed were kindled into song, lips became unsealed and joined their voices in the songs of thanksgiving, hearts that had been turned to stone by dark grief's frequent visitations yielded to His magic touch, and tortured fancies wildness moans became low, soft strains at the sound of His voice.
Grand, beautiful, and sublime our lives become, when our heart-strings vibrate to the great Master's touch, and our discordant nature's are turned and harmonized in unison with the "morning stars." Then, when the music of this life is emerged into that of the "upper sphere," and the grand halcyon comes sweeping down upon us, may our lives have been "so real, so earnest," that the final notes in our life song may be an anthem of rejoicing.
Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in New York Ledger.
A Puff Extraordinary.
I was sitting in the Advertiser office one day, when that paper was under charge of my friend Millett, when there entered a Mr. Peter Slocum, of Albany—not Albany, N. Y., but a scarcely settled town among the rugged hills of Oxford county, Maine. Slocum was a simple-minded, ignorant fellow, but yet possessing a fair share of Yankee good-naturedness. From dickerings small matters he had turned and bent his energies upon a patent medicine—or, rather, upon two patent medicines—the "Renovating Robusticium Resolvent," and the "Instantaneous Elevating Plaster," advertisements of which had been in the papers for six months, or more.
On the present occasion Slocum had a puff, which he had received from a grateful patron in Ansonia, and which he wanted published. He thought it, as he expressed it, "a wolverine," "a big thing." In fact, he took it seriously enough to wish to have it appear in the paper. Millett read it, and laughed. He handed it to me, and I read it, and we then laughed together. It was with difficulty that we persuaded the man to forego the pleasure of publication.
I give the puff, just as it was written; and, ridiculous as it may appear, it is a legitimate, though somewhat exaggerated, family companion to ninety-tenths of the medical puffs of the day.
ANSONIA, April 1st, 1872.
"MR. SLOCUM, Dear Sir:—Your Renovating Robusticium Resolvent is truly a royal thing. I shall be one hundred and twenty-seven years old next fourth of July. I never was sick in my life until I read your advertisement. I think a longing for your medicine took me down. The doctor said I would die. I sent and bought one bottle of the Robusticium, and took half of it. That night I walked fifty-three miles. On the next day I took the other half, and that night I went to a ball and danced five waltzes, six polkas, and seven contradances, two Irish jigs, and a double Scotch hornpipe. The name of your medicine is Wonderful.
A little of your Instantaneous Elevating Plaster applied to old Major Stimp's wooden leg reduced a compound fracture in just sixteen minutes and a half; and a second application is now covering the leg with a beautiful growth of fresh spruce bark. May you and your medicines live and flourish a thousand years.
Yours with tearful gratitude,
ANTHONY HUMM, P. R."
"There, John," said an irate mother, "that's twice you've come home and forgotten the lard!" "La, mother," said young dutiful, "it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

The Boomerang.
A traveler tells us something of the singular weapon used by the natives of Australia—the boomerang. He saw them used by the natives. They ranged from two feet to thirty-eight inches in length, and were of various shapes, all curved a little, and looking, as he describes them, like a wooden new moon. They were made of a dark, heavy wood, and weighed one to three pounds. In thickness they vary from half an inch, and taper to a point at each end.
One of the natives picked up the piece of wood, and, poising it in an instant, threw it, giving it a rotary motion. For the first one hundred feet or more it went straight ahead, then it tacked to the left and rose slightly, still rotating rapidly. It kept this latter course for a hundred feet more, perhaps, but soon veered to the left again, describing a broader curve, and a moment later fell to the earth six or eight feet in front of the thrower, having described nearly a circle in the air.
Another native then took the same boomerang and cast it, holding it with the same grip. It took the same course, but made broader curves, and as it came round the black caught it handsomely in his right hand.
Another native next threw it, and lodged it on the ground about twenty feet behind him, after it had described a circle of two hundred yards or upward. After him they all tried it, and but one of them failed to bring the weapon back to the spot where they stood.
Cariboo, a native, then selected from the heap of boomerangs another one and cast it with a sort of jerk. It flew very quickly for 40 or 50 yards, whirling like a top. Then it darted into the air, mounting fully 100 feet, and came over our heads, where it seemed to hang stationary for a moment, then settle slowly, still whirling, till he caught it. Two others of the blacks then did the same thing.
Meanwhile I had with my knife shaved a little of the wood from the convex side of the boomerangs. This is now offered to one of them to throw. He took it without noticing what I had done, poised it, but stopped short, and with a contemptuous glance at my improvement threw it down, and exclaimed:
"Bale budgery," (no good.)
The others then looked at it cautiously, but it was a bale budgery also to them. No one could be induced to throw it.
Myers asked them why they did not use it, but they could not give a definite answer. It was plain that they did not like the way it poised, when held in the hand, yet I could not distinguish any difference between this and the other weapons.
Burleigh then walked to a distance of 200 feet or more from the blacks and did Cariboo throw to him. The native looked at him a moment rather cautiously, then, comprehending what was wanted, he selected one of the heaviest of the missiles, and, turning half round, threw it with great force in a direction almost opposite from that where Burleigh stood.
The weapon sped smartly for 60 or 70 feet, then tacked in an instant and flew directly at Burleigh, and had he not most expeditiously ducked, he would have received a hard thump, if nothing worse. It struck the ground 20 or 30 paces beyond. This feat brought out a broad grin and something like a chuckle from the whole of them. Cariboo even intimated that he would like to try another cast, but Burleigh expressed himself fully satisfied.
Mr. Smith, however, offered to "take a shot," but not at too short a range. We were standing in front of one of the storehouses. Cariboo placed Smith in front of the door and stood with his back to him, with Smith's hand on his shoulder.
None of us knew what sort of a manœuvre he had in mind, not even Myers. Standing in his position, the black threw the boomerang straight ahead. Immediately it curved in the air, then it disappeared around the corner of the building, and before he had time to guess what was meant, it came around the other end (having passed completely around the storehouse) and gave him a sounding slap on the back, which made his eyes snap.—Chicago Tribune.
A female servant in the family of a gentleman in the Department of the Interior, Washington, is allowed to make a yearly visit to her old home in Richmond, Va. Last summer when she left, a substitute was employed, a mulatto girl, who had been quite well educated. She performed the duties in a rather indifferent manner. When the regular servant returned, she began her tour of investigation to ascertain how her work had been done, and was disgusted at the evident want of neatness manifested everywhere. Her indignation finally found vent in the following, to her mistress: "I tell you what it is, Miss—, you can't get grammar and clean corners out of da same nigger!" Which, if true, offers a knotty problem in reference to the education of the race.—Harper's Magazine.
It must make a woman feel mean to take poison, write two or three farewell letters, upbraid her husband, and then be saved by a stomach pump.
A spendthrift says that he has lived beyond his means so long that now he hasn't the means to live, and yet he means to live somehow.
Nabby thinks when money can be made on a printing press, it is foolish to expose a man's life in a gold mine to get the material for hard money.

OLD COMMONWEALTH.

HARRISONBURG, VA.

C. H. VANDERFORD, Editor.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 11, 1875.

Of the twenty Virginia State Senators only two are Republicans, and for the House of Delegates only a half-dozen are elected, the remainder being Democrats.

The editor of the Charlottesville Chronicle says he does not intend to commit hari kari on account of the result of the election in Albemarle county. That was sad news to the readers of the Chronicle.

The Colorado Convention for framing a constitution will meet at Denver, December 20th. The constitution will be submitted to the people in July next. If adopted it will be certified to by President Grant, and Colorado will become a State.

John Morrissey, the well-known prize-fighter, was recently elected in New York to the State Senate as the "reform" candidate. If John was a reformer, it is sad to think of what the character of the regular nominee must have been.

The New York Tribune after discussing upon the financial question, sums up the strength of those for and against inflation as follows:

"Against inflation: Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New York. For inflation: Samuel F. Carey, Judge Kelley, Wendell Phillips, and Richard Schell. Later returns will be added to this election table in subsequent editions.

Congress is soon to meet, with the purse strings of the nation in the hands of a Democratic house. It must cost every dollar that goes out and take in return a voucher that will bear an inexorable scrutiny. Wisdom and honesty of expenditure should be the saving man between profligate extravagance upon the one hand and a restrictive parsimony on the other.

The Richmond Whig now counsels conciliation, since the political contest is over. If the Whig had done it during the canvass, instead of engendering harsh feelings, it would have done a greater service. The people having decided the issues at stake, nothing remains but for the masses to accept the result, and, as good citizens, to forget the past.

That paper excuses itself for its harsh language, by referring to Dr. Johnson, who in the political arena lost his dignity and denounced in unmeasured terms all who opposed him. This is a poor excuse, and the Whig would appreciate more in popular favor by emulating Johnson's virtues, instead of falling into his errors.

Hon. Alex. H. H. Stuart, recently elected to the Legislature in Augusta county after his refusal to be a candidate, has written a card, declining to accept the position. This action of Mr. Stuart's cannot but challenge the admiration of all. He was a candidate before the Conservative Nominating Convention, and failed of securing a place on the ticket. Many of his friends, dissatisfied with the result of the election of the Convention, determined to vote for him. He was solicited to become a candidate, but declined. His friends, however, voted for him, and these by the aid of the Republican strength, which was thrown for Mr. Stuart, succeeded in electing him by two majority over Mr. Opie, a regular Conservative nominee.

Had Mr. Stuart been elected by a large majority of the voters of the county, he should have accepted the honor, but considering the smallness of his majority, and that the Republicans voted for him, his course in declining is highly commendable.

The Richmond Whig of Thursday last says, in speaking of the newly elected Legislature and the work before it:

"The question of the State debt will, in all probability, be the chief subject of absorbing interest, and the most difficult to determine with satisfaction to all parties. If there has ever been any ground for a fear of repudiation we think we may safely say there is none now. The people of Virginia will be really represented by a Legislature determined in good faith to stand by the obligations of the State. But at the same time they would be misrepresented by any man or any measure looking to an increase of the present rate of taxation to pay more than for the present can be paid with taxes as they are."

The people of Virginia will be really represented by a Legislature determined in good faith to stand by the obligations of the State, but they will be misrepresented if they increase taxation. How can the Whig harmonize such statements. To stand by our obligations we must raise more revenue, as we are now defaulting annually \$1,000,000 on our interest. If we don't increase taxation, how is the revenue to be raised? Yet, says the Whig, rejoicingly, that we have a Legislature fully determined to maintain the credit of the State, and at the same time that it will misrepresent the people if taxation is increased.

ROCKINGHAM OFFICIAL.

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OLD COMMONWEALTH.

HARRISBURG, Va., Nov. 11, 1875.

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INSTITUTION OF THE GRAND COUNCIL OF VA. OF THE SONS OF JONADAB.—On Wednesday evening last the Grand Council of the Order of the Sons of Jonadab for the State of Virginia, was instituted in this place by Sovereign Patriarch Wm. H. Young of Washington, D. C. assisted by G. W. C. Dr. Wm. J. Points, and other members of the Grand Council of the District of Columbia.

Members and representatives were present from all the Councils in Virginia. After the Grand Council had been instituted in due form, the following officers, to serve until July, 1876, were elected and installed: Dr. Wm. J. Points, P. G. Chief; J. W. Newton, of Staunton, G. W. Chief; J. D. Price, of Harrisonburg, G. D. Chief; J. D. Bucher, of Bridgewater, G. W. Pat; J. K. Smith, of Harrisonburg, G. Sec; J. M. Dutrow, of Harrisonburg, G. Treas; R. O. Haines, of Staunton, G. Marshal; E. M. Houston, of Harrisonburg, G. R. Watchman; Jos. L. Brown, of Staunton, W. Va., G. O. W.

We learn that the Grand Council starts upon its career with every prospect of greatly advancing the prosperity of the Order in Virginia and West Virginia, over which State its jurisdiction also extends.

The session was harmonious throughout, and the Grand Council determined to hold its next session in Staunton on the third Wednesday in January, 1876.

TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION.—On last Friday evening a number of the Order of the Sons of Jonadab of this place, went to Mt. Sidney, where they were met by a number of the members of the Order from Staunton, accompanied by the Stonewall Band, and after a grand torchlight procession they assembled in the Methodist Church of that place, where a number of interesting temperance addresses were delivered by the following gentlemen: Maj. J. W. Newton and Robert O. Haines, of Staunton, and Messrs. J. K. Smith, George S. Christie, Wm. Willis, and Wm. J. Points, of Harrisonburg.

The object of the demonstration was to establish a Council of the Sons of Jonadab, but after a thorough canvass of the field it was ascertained that the requisite number of names could not be secured, owing to the fact that it was feared that the establishment of a third temperance organization would come in conflict with the two flourishing organizations already operating in that field.

HARRISBURG LYCEUM.—At the last meeting of the Lyceum C. H. Vanderford was elected President; Winfield S. Liggett, Vice-President; E. S. Conrad, Secy; and W. B. Lury, Treas.

Since the re-organization the Society starts under favorable auspices, and the object of its formation—the mutual advancement and improvement of its members—will be attained if we may judge by the interest manifested.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE COURT-HOUSE.—A few needed improvements in our Court-House have been made. The jury box, which was very contracted, has been so changed as to render comfortable seats for jurors. Desks for Clerk and Sheriff have been arranged upon the judge's platform, and seats have been placed in the jury rooms.

RECTOR FOR EMMANUEL CHURCH.—The Vestry of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, of this town, some days ago extended a call to Rev. David Barr, of Powhatan county, and last week received his acceptance. Mr. Barr will assume charge on the first Sunday in December.

INSTALLATION.—The installation of the newly elected officers of Cold Water Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars, takes place in the Court-House to-morrow night. The public are invited to be present to witness the ceremony.

FIRST DOOR-KEEPER.—Col. Wm. A. Maupin of this County is a candidate for First Door-Keeper of the House of Delegates. The Col. is a very deserving man, and we hope he may be selected by the House for the position.

RE-ELECTION.—At a meeting of the Common Council, held on Tuesday night, Jos. H. Kelley was re-elected Chief-of-Police by a vote of six to three for Jas. O. A. Clary and one for Geo. Hutcheson.

AN EXCHANGE ASKS.—"Won't somebody invent some kind of a button-hole for campaign purposes that will stand the strain of candidates' fingers. Something metallic, that will stand wear and tear, or better still, an electrical button-hole, something that would make an office-seeker feel as though he had been struck by lightning if he touched it?"

HENRY H. COFFMAN is appointed postmaster at Cabin Creek, Shenandoah county, Va., vice H. W. Hoffman.

REMEMBER THIS.—Now is the time of the year for Pneumonia, Lung Fever, Coughs, Colds, and fatal results of predisposition to Consumption and other Throat and Lung Diseases. BOSCHER'S GERMAN SYRUP has been used in this neighborhood for the past two or three years without a single failure to cure. If you have not used this medicine yourself, go to your Druggist, L. H. Ott, and ask them of its wonderful success among his customers. Two doses will relieve the worst case. If you have no faith in any medicine, just buy a Sample Bottle of Bosch's German Syrup for 10 cents, and try it. Regular size Bottle 75 cents. Don't neglect a cough to save 75 cents. Oct. 14.

BREVETTES.

County Court commences next Monday.

All kinds of fresh fish for sale at the Masonic Building.

Mayor C. M. Dold, of Lexington, was in town this week.

Egg-nogg and swearing-off time will be here in eight weeks.

A horse was sold in Winchester last week at auction, for one dollar.

Thursday, the 25th, will be Thanksgiving Day. Fatten the turkeys.

Fresh Oysters are daily received and sold cheap at the Masonic Building.

Durand's Rheumatic Remedy never fails to cure all forms of rheumatism.

It has been figured out that we are to have twenty-six snow storms this winter.

Chas. Gratian, Esq., has resigned as a member of the Staunton City Council.

If you want to save money, go to Christie's fashionable emporium, and buy your Suits.

The total vote of Rockingham at the last election was 1,376, the smallest cast since the war.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for December is ahead of all others, a miracle of beauty and cheapness.

The horses of Augusta county generally are afflicted with the epizootic, though in a mild form.

There has not been a case in the Mayor's Court for three weeks. Who says Harrisonburg is not improving?

What is the difference between a Son of Jonadab and the frost? One nips the shoot and the other shoots the "nip."

Maj. P. B. Bort of the Narrow Gauge Railroad, passed through here last week on his way to the works in Highland county.

The barn of Mr. Samuel Slusser, near Cross Keys, was burned on the night of the 30th ult. It was the work of an incendiary.

John Paul, Esq., is building a two-story brick house on High street, near the residence of F. A. Daingerfield. Size 34x19 feet.

Rev. Patterson Fletcher, of Augusta county, preached in the Presbyterian Church here on Sunday last, morning and evening.

Mr. M. Harvey Ebbinger, Cashier of the National Valley Bank of Staunton, was paralyzed on Monday, whilst at the Bank.

Judge James M. Seig, of Highland, has been elected to the House of Delegates from the district composed of Highland and Bath counties.

Dr. Bucher, of Bridgewater, requests us to state that he will be absent from his dental office from the 15th inst. until the first of December.

A Grand Council of the Sons of Jonadab for the State of Virginia was organized in this place last week. Four Councils were represented.

There was a considerable fall of snow here on Sunday night, but owing to the dampness of the earth, from the preceding rain, but little of it laid.

G. S. Christie is known to keep the best English and French Suits. Give him a call and you will be sure to get something that will give you entire satisfaction.

You can buy goods at Christie's Temple of Fashions as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other first-class retail Cloth House in the Valley of Virginia—Harrisonburg not excepted.

R. N. Pool, Esq., returned on Saturday from the North, whither he had been in furtherance of the enterprises with which he is connected in this section. He was accompanied by Mr. Watson, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Two young men from this place went on a hunt to Fort Defiance last week, and returned on Saturday, having killed seventy-three partridges, eleven rabbits, seven squirrels, and five pheasants.

As a general rule, it is better to take little notice of foolish, or even malignant gossip. Let it alone. By and by those who go around relating such stuff will find a disgust at their own business. If they are not noticed they will sink out of sight.

The Code of Virginia requires Clerks of Circuit Court to report the state of the business of their Courts to the Clerk of the House of Delegates. Reports reaching J. Bell Bigler by the 20th inst., will be embraced in the report to the Legislature.

Dr. Richards, living on the River, in the Southwestern part of the county, shot an eagle on Monday, which measured seven feet across the wings from tip to tip. Grant should send down the military, for such acts of disloyalty should not be tolerated.

No misrepresentations to effect a sale; it requires no agents' gas. I mean the Weed Sewing at G. S. Christie's Fashionable Emporium; terms easy—a heavier discount for cash than you can get from any agent now selling machines. Give Christie a call, Main street, Harrisonburg, Va.

THE "GREAT TEXAS BONANZA"—DRAWING POSITIVE NOVEMBER 30TH, OR MONEY REFUNDED.—THE MOST RESPONSIBLE ENTERPRISE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Texas Gift Concert Association, of Denison, Texas, will distribute to ticket-holders, Nov. 30th, \$250,000 in cash. This Association has a first-class reputation for fair and square dealing. Its Managers are old and reliable citizens of Texas. But a few days now remain for the drawing. But a few tickets now unsold, so tickets should be secured at once.

This Enterprise stands to-day the first and foremost of its character in the United States, and has the home endorsement of its own citizens.

THE FOLLOWING SPEAKS FOR ITSELF: "We, the undersigned, citizens of Denison, Texas, cheerfully give our testimony to the honorable and impartial manner in which the First Grand Gift Concert of the Texas Gift Concert Association was conducted, and as to the very satisfactory manner in which all the pledges and promises of the Association were carried out; and, further, do most heartily endorse the Second Grand Gift Concert, to be given November 1875."

W. H. Winn, Mayor City of Denison; Judge W. D. Kirk, G. W. Walters, Geo. B. Loving, J. D. Woodard, W. A. Tibbs, W. B. Boss, J. G. Taylor, L. M. Johnson—Aldermen, City of Denison.

Every locality should organize a club. Their list of prizes is unprecedented. Capital Prize \$50,000, lowest prize to a whole ticket, \$50, lowest prize to a coupon ticket, \$10. Price of whole ticket \$5, which consists of 5 coupons at \$1 each.

Cash sent for tickets should, in every case be sent per express or by bank draft. Sums under \$5, simply enclose in an envelope, never send by registered letter or by money order as from large experience the Association find it both unsafe and unreliable. Sent at the risk and expense of the Association when sent per Express or bank draft or by tickets, circulars, etc.

A. R. COLLINS, Secy, Denison, Texas.

Read their advertisement, nov-td

BRIDGEWATER LOCALS.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment given by the Bridgewater Entertainment Club, on Saturday last, was a very creditable affair. Owing to the very brief notice and very short time for preparation, it was not as fully attended as it would otherwise have been; yet, taking all things into consideration, it must be regarded as a success, and its projectors are encouraged to have it repeated on a larger and more substantial basis next fall.

The following is a brief notice of some of the events of the day:—Match game of base-ball between the Clippers—Captain, Armstrong, and Rangers—Captain, Bucher. Score—Clippers, 27; Rangers, 12. Some fine playing was done by members of both clubs.

The stock exhibited was first-class, and would have done credit to the State Fair, or any other similar exhibition, and many of the animals would doubtless have gotten first-class premiums had they been present at Richmond or Staunton. In fact it was stated by parties who were at Staunton that the stock here surpassed any that were exhibited at the Augusta County Fair. Premiums were awarded to the following gentlemen: Best suckling colt, one month old, 1st prem. to Wm. T. Carpenter; best brood mare, 1st prem. to Wm. T. Carpenter; best colt, two years old, 1st prem. to — Fry; best colt, three years old, 1st prem. to Levi Wise; best pair mares, for general use, 1st prem. to James F. Lowman; best pair mares, single or double harness, 1st prem. to Jas. F. Lowman (for Fox and Queen); best pair mules, 1st prem. to Jas. F. Lowman; handsome saddle horse, 1st prem. to Dr. T. H. B. Brown (for Soldier White).

The cat knocking, sack race and pig chase were all quite amusing, and we were unable to decide which was the most astonished, the young man who let the cat out of the barrel or her fellow great being let out.

The skill exhibited by some of the runners after his porcine majesty, showed conclusively they were good performers on the swiftness, and would not reject a "chaw" on "sweet ham bone."

Owing to the Epizooty among the horses, the tournament was not as full as it would otherwise have been. The following were the successful knights in the order in which they won their honors: 1st, Knight of Egypt, C. H. Funkhouser; 2nd, I will if I Can, Adam W. Wise; 3d, Zebedee, Newton Crawford; 4th, Lone Star, J. G. Hite. The tilting was quite spirited and much enjoyed by the participants and spectators. After a tie-ride between Messrs. Funkhouser and Wise, the former was declared to be entitled to crown the Queen of Love and Beauty.

One of the most amusing events of the day, was the entry in the arena of the Knight of the Dog Law—Mr. Cho.—who declared himself to be the legal representative of the anti-dog-law; and his costume certainly verified his assertion—he being clad in cotton habiliments instead of woolen, with a dog-face masque, and coarse, long hair hanging to the waist, showing, if the dog-law should be repealed, the popular could bid farewell to woolen clothes and mutton. The tilting of this personage was very fine—he succeeding in taking a barrel-hoop ring four times in seventeen rides.

At the close of the field sports it was announced that the crowning of the Queen and her maids of honor would take place at the Barbee House, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Funkhouser, who had won the right to crown the Queen, that office was performed by Mr. Adam W. Wise, who named Miss Mollie Barbee Queen of Love and Beauty; Mr. N. Crawford named Miss Minnie Williams 1st Maid of Honor, and Mr. J. G. Hite named Miss Norma Crawford 2nd Maid of Honor.

The exercises closed with a superb oyster supper, which his honor, Col. Barbee, so well knows how to get up.

NEW PROCESS MILLS.—It was our privilege, a few days since, to visit these Mills—located on Dry River, one mile above Bridgewater—and, through the courtesy of Mr. Henry J. Wright, the affable and efficient manager, were permitted to examine the machinery and the new mode of manufacturing flour. We are not an adept in the art of milling, but do claim to be a connoisseur of biscuits and light rolls, and must say that flour made at the New Process Mills, and manipulated by such an expert as our better half, is good enough to please the most fastidious.

These mills are first-class in all their appointments; the process for making flour, as the name implies, is new, so far as relates to our special section, it being the only mill of the kind in the county. Mr. Wright, assisted by his efficient corps, is certainly the Wright man in the right place, and all who entrust their wheat to him will be certain to be amply repaid for the investment. We bespeak for him and his New Process Mills a liberal patronage from a generous public.

BASS.—Our enterprising friend of the Bridgewater Manufacturing Company, Mr. John F. Bradburn, has placed in his dam a lot of nice black bass, which we hope will be protected from those indulging in the piscatorial art until they increase to such an extent as will prevent their extermination by the angler. Knights of the fishing rod, please do not disturb the bass.

CONVICTION OF A COLORED PREACHER.—At Georgetown, Delaware, on Saturday last, the jury in the case of John Andrews, the colored preacher who killed his wife in April last, rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. The court sentenced Andrews to stand in the pillory one hour, to be whipped with sixty lashes, pay a fine of \$5,000, and be imprisoned for life.

The Pittsburg Leader attributes the result of Tuesday to the "mistakes, not to say innocent corruptions of the democrats when they got into power last year."

According to the Cincinnati Commercial the next democratic ticket will probably be: For President, Bayard of Delaware; for Vice-President, McDonald of Indiana.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE.

In looking over a family magazine, an article rather impudently upon my mind, suggesting that when worn out with house hold or other cares, one might be refreshed by wielding the pen, and transferring to paper the thoughts that burn in the heart. Some thoughts arise to-day, none of which are new, but closely connected with social elevation.

Woman was created man's helpmate—True, the weaker vessel, looking up to him for support, clinging to him for protection, even as the vine to the sturdy oak, and like that vine betwining daily companionship and beauty. Man thrown into a career in intercourse with the world, his business cares and soul-trying perplexities, in view of changes and severe disappointments, is tempted to let his better and noble nature, and when assailed by Divine assistance, yields to the over-pressure, and becomes engulfed in his own misery.

Faintly he resorts to the wine cup for temporary relief to his cruel and agonizing saloon for forgetfulness and gain, only to take to renewed bitterness of spirit and remorse. Whose mission does it become then to be a sympathizer, love, may, even strength to the dispirited heart? To whom does he turn for sunshine in the gloom? Whose hand so tenderly bathes the loved and fevered brow, and becomes his angel of love and mercy? Woman! weak woman!—She can create herself his ministering spirit, and recall him oft times by a word, look or tone to his former self; or else, transforming herself into the Demon of darkness, by frowns, sullen perversity, or fiery anger drive him down, deep, deeper down, lower still, urging him headlong into the whirl-pool of despair, until the hushed heart shall rest at last beneath the earth, and the soul render its account to an All-Wise Judge.

Woman cannot calculate the extent of her influence over man in all stages of age and sex; and when she so far forgets her position and maidenly delicacy, drawing the unsuspecting youth in the net of her own weaving, and with her beguiling smile, holds the wine cup to his lips, drinking from her own bowl, with sparkling wit and playful jest fascinates, lures him on, on from one sin into another, until like Eve, (our first mother), she entails on him lasting suffering and disgrace.

Young woman! should this page reach your eye, and you feel the blush of shame tinge your cheek, think of what you may accuse yourself. A ruined reputation! perils of the soul! You have caused tears of anguish, bitter, oh! so bitter! to come down a mother's cheek, such tears as only a mother can shed, until at last the heart, filling with sorrow drop by drop, will become too full and breaking, leave only the lifeless form and the marble casket, upon which her darling boy may imprint the last kiss; and as the heavy lid falls mournfully upon the coffin lid, will with conscience smite your soul, unless secured with a hot iron. This is not all! The sorrow striking father, with tottering step and trembling hand, may curse you with his fate. This is your work. Look at the picture. It is no delusion of the midnight hour; no vision of sleep from that to awake and thank God 'twas but a dream. From the best of books we read: "Wine a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whoever is deceived thereby, shall not be wise." But let not woman be the syren to present the poison to the lips of those who love her, thereby debasing herself to the lowest grade of degradation.

"Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised."

Good Temples! you have done much in our midst; but you are zeal alone. Try to establish the wavering, encourage the weak, and draw within your protecting arms those who are astray.

May the blessing of our Heavenly Father be invoked upon your efforts by anxious wives and motherless and loving sisters.

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 9th.

Correspondence of the Old Commonwealth.

MCGAHEYSVILLE, VA., Nov. 8, 1875.

DEAR COMMONWEALTH.—In a former number of your paper you published a key-note that still reverberates throughout the length and breadth of the land, and echoes as high as the heavens and as deep as the bottomless pit, when you stated that you called in vain upon such a people as inhabit this pleasant and fertile Valley, for the small sums that are due you. You ask in despair what are you to do? Simply this, keep that decapitated dog's head from showing its ugly face, and draw within your protecting arms those who are astray.

May the blessing of our Heavenly Father be invoked upon your efforts by anxious wives and motherless and loving sisters.

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 9th.

Correspondence of the Old Commonwealth.

